

August 22, 1948

To Angora Peak and Return by Same Route

My breakfast was nearly finished when Hector's melodious whistling announced his arrival and that the scheduled starting time of 6:30 A.M. was at hand. Soon through the cloudy but pleasant morning we were speeding toward Charlie Johnson's where we found him preparing carrots for his lunch.

As usual we didn't have to wait long for Charlie and the three of us were soon on our way to Arch Cape. All of us being in the front seat made it a very sociable affair and we discussed various subjects, including past, present, and possible future trips. The summits of the mountains were clear and the high clouds appeared to be breaking up, so the schedule committee was commended for picking such a fine day for the Angora Peak Trip, it usually being made in wet soggy weather especially near the summit.

On arrival at Arch Cape tunnel at 7:25 A.M. the only cause for delay in starting the hike was for Hector to change his shoes, and for me to decide to take along all my extra clothing, for which I had no use, unless we got lost and had to camp over night; but this was the trip when getting lost was ruled out.

The route was, as in the past, up the old pioneer road back of Arch Cape, but the first quarter mile is now obliterated by a "cat" road to the Arch Cape community water works. From this point the old road is much the same as ten years ago, except that the brush



has been cut and one can walk erect.

At about eight tenths mile, by the big cedar tree, we turned left off the road in an east southeasterly direction about a hundred yards to a good crossing of the creek, free of salmon-berry brush. After this we have a very steep climb for a quarter mile or so, then a more gentle slope until near Little Angora. No one has yet cleared out the wind falls, and time continues to add to them.

The view of Cannon Beach from Little Angora was superb though somewhat restricted by trees. The ocean was blue as Crater Lake and the breakers white as snow in the sunlight. Hector became very enthusiastic and started considering the promotion of a paved hiway to the point, so that all people might enjoy the view. A short distance beyond Little Angora where the trees thin out we look up toward the summit, and behold, there are nice white fleecy clouds hanging down around the sides. We have seen such clouds before and are not alarmed, as this is a no get lost trip, also when we reached the rock ledge near the spring we encountered wet brush which is not unusual.

At the spring we stopped a short time to eat huckleberries which were quite plentiful and of fair size. Hector was so busy eating berries he forgot to get a drink which he regretted a little later.

We climbed rather leisurely and cut some blazes so it was near noon when we came out onto the rock ledge of the "South Lookout" and gazed into a cloud which reduced the view almost to zero. After a



short rest we again started for the summit where we planned to eat lunch, arriving there at 12:25 P.M. just five hours after leaving the car. While eating lunch, breaks in the cloud at various times exposed small areas of distant scenery, so we were rewarded to some extent for our effort.

Lunches devoured, banana skins hid away, and pictures taken we started the return trip, which was to prove something other than that the earth is round. In a very short time we proved that we could get back to the South Lookout without any unnecessary rambling, and were surprised by a very nice view, the cloud having cleared away. We spent a half hour admiring the scene, taking pictures, and gathering some floral specimens to bring back. Frequent short stops were made along the way to eat huckleberries and a longer stop at the spring for drink, berries and a picture, and still we made fair progress. Very frequently we saw our old tracks and knew we were heading in the right direction. We approached the creek at exactly the right spot and made the crossing; surely we will not get lost now.

We take off in what we think is the right direction; but is it? Well, time will tell. There is an old blaze. There is a cedar tree but no road in sight. We climb past the cedar and into an open space, five minutes after crossing the creek. Here we are on the road within three inches of the point we left it this morning. IT CAN BE DONE.

A short time later we were again in the car heading for home, glad we had made the trip but sorry there were not a dozen or so more along with Hector Wilson, Charlie Johnson and historian, Ralph Horton.